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A

# WONDERFUL SERMON;

OR,

## TRUTH UNDISGUISED.

INTENDED TO BE PREACHED ON THE

## FAST-DAY,

On WEDNESDAY, the 25th of FEBRUARY, 1795.

BY EBENEZER VERAX.

7

TOGETHER WITH

AN HYMN, AND A PROCLAMATION.

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LONDON:

Printed and Sold by DANIEL ISAAC EATON, Printer  
and Bookseller to the Supreme Majesty of the People,  
at the Cock and SWINE, No. 74, Newgate-street.

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PRICE THREE-PENCE.

WOTERIAL SERMON

PROCLAMATION

TRUTH UNDISCOURSED

GENERAL APOSTASY

BY THE KING OF THE HEAVENS

EAST-DAY

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ON WEDNESDAY the 25th of FEBRUARY, 1792



VERAX

God has engaged together with

AMMIN AND A PROCLAMATION

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# PROCLAMATION,

FOR A

## GENERAL STARVATION,

BY THE KING OF HOG ISLAND.

**W**E taking it into our most serious consideration the dreadful situation in which We are involved, by our horrid crimes, in engaging in an unjust and unnecessary war with France, and against the just and rightful liberties of mankind: and finding, by woeful experience, that Almighty God has engaged against us, and delivered us up a prey to Infidels, Atheists and Poltroons, We are determined to solicit and supplicate the powerful aids of his Infernal Majesty, in the destruction of a few thousands more of our fellow creatures; and have resolved, and do, by the advice of our Privy Council, hereby command, that a Public Starvation, and Degradation, be observed by all the Poor, who cannot procure food throughout all our dominions, on *Wednesday*, the Twenty-fifth day of *February* next, that so both We, and



( 4 )

our People, may fervently and humbly supplicate the instigation, alliance, and assistance, of his Majesty of the Burning Lake, in the prosecution of our bloody plots, schemes, and machinations; and may, in the most devout and solemn manner, by prayer and supplication, prevail upon the Gloomy Monarch, to deliver us from the danger of those heavy and dreadful judgments, with which the great, powerful, and indignant God of Heaven is threatening us, and which our many-fold and abominable sins and provocations have justly deserved; and implore the assistance of all the powers of the Infernal Furies on our arms, in the pursuit of Blood, Carnage, Desolation, and Misery.

And We do strictly charge and command, that the said public day of Starvation be reverently and devoutly observed, by all our beloved subjects in Hog Island, as they regard the favour of the Devil and his Furies, and their assistance against the wrath and indignation of almighty vengeance; and upon pain of such penalties as by the instigation of the Devil, we may inflict on all such as contemn our Commands, to the neglect of so religious and necessary a devotion.

And for the better, and more orderly solemnizing the same, We have given directions to our Most Reverend the Arch Bishops, and the Right Reverend

Reverend the Bishops of Hog Island, to compose a Form of Prayer suitable to the occasion, to be used in all Churches, Chapels, and Places of Public Worship; and to take care the same be timely dispersed throughout their respective Dioceses.

Give at Our Court, in *Burk-street, Swine Town*, this Fourteenth Day of *January*, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-five, and in the Thirty-sixth Year of our Reign.

— the KING.

A SERMON

( 8 )

Reverend the Bishops of this Island, to compose  
a Form of Prayer suitable to the occasion, to be  
used in the Churches, and in the Publick  
Worship: and to take care the same be  
thoroughly observed throughout their respective  
Dioceses.

**A SERMON,**  
**FOR THE**

**FAST-DAY.**

Given at Our Court, in the City of London,  
This Fourteenth Day of January,  
One Thousand Seven Hundred and  
Fifty-five, and in the Thirtieth  
Year of the said Majesty King William the Third.

“ Deliver up their Children to the Famine, and pour out their  
“ Blood by Force of the Sword; and let their Wives be  
“ bereaved of their Children, and be Widows; and let  
“ their Men be put to Death; let their young Men be slain  
“ by the Sword in Battle.”

JEREMIAH, chap. xviii. ver. 21.

**T**HIS is a Day appointed by our good, pious,  
and gracious Sovereign, to humble ourselves by  
fasting; and to pray for the success of his arms  
against his enemies. That your thoughts may be  
led to the performance of the duties of the day, upon  
rational principles, I shall point out to you what our  
reasons are for meeting together, and what duties  
we are to perform. The reason of our assembling  
ourselves together is, because the King has com-  
manded it: and no one will presume to doubt the  
authority



authority of the king, who is supreme head of the church, to command when, where, and how we shall worship God; or even to command us not to worship him at all. Let him command what he will respecting religion, we ought to be obedient to him, as head of the church. He has a right to command what we shall request of our Maker in our petitions.

Our next question is, what has he commanded us to pray for? He has commanded us to pray for the success of his arms against his enemies, the French. It would not become us to say, we cannot pray for any thing but what we wish, and we ought to enquire into the nature of the dispute between his Majesty and the French Nation, that we may judge whether we ought or ought not to pray for their destruction. Such enquiry would be presumption: it would be hesitating, whether we ought or ought not to perform our duty. Let it suffice, that the supreme head of the church has commanded, and we will obey.

Should we not obey, we should incur the displeasure of the Almighty—with which the King has threatened us. And no one but himself knows what portion of the divine wrath he may command upon us. Nor what pains and penalties he may himself see fit to inflict for disobedience.

Oh! ye thoughtless and inconsiderate! who eat  
your

your meals, and indulge your appetites on this day, and take your pleasure as on a day which the King has not set apart as a solemn day. Woe, woe, unto you, ye gormandizers and pleasure-takers, who contemn and neglect the duties of this holy day. I charge you, my friends, as you regard the favour of your King, as you would support the honour and dignity of the crown, as you admire and reverence grandeur and magnificence, as you dread the heavy judgments the King may call down from heaven upon you, and the pains and penalties he may himself see fit to inflict, keep your bodies unpolluted with food this day; humble yourselves before the King, and pray as he has commanded you. Pray not for peace, but for war. Pray for the utter destruction, extirpation, and damnation, of that impious, and sacriligious nation, who have shed royal blood. That their children may be delivered up to famine, and their blood be poured out by force of the sword. Let their wives be bereaved of their children, and be widows; and let their men be put to death. Let their young men be slain by the sword in battle.

I shall first make some observations on war in general, with its advantages and glories. I shall then make some remarks upon the peculiar glories of the war in which we are now engaged. And conclude



conclude with an exhortation to give every possible countenance and support to a vigorous prosecution of it.

War has innumerable advantages, as well as great glories. The advantages of war, of which I shall first very briefly treat, are too numerous to recite, and explain in this discourse. Let it suffice then only to touch upon a few of them.

In the first place, I would observe—It is as necessary that the world should be often thinned of its inhabitants, as that a garden should be cleared of its weeds, or a field of turnips, or a bed of carrots, should be thinned of its plants, that those which remain may thrive. If the country should become so populous that its produce will not be sufficient for its support, a famine must be the unavoidable consequence. And it is surely much better to perish by the sword, than by famine, as instantaneous, is much preferable to a lingering death. War creates taxes, than which nothing can be more advantageous to a nation. It keeps men in their proper sphere of action; it is as good a regulator in the machine of society as the pendulum of a clock, or the fly-wheel of a jack. It is the support of the dignity of the mighty men of the land. And it keeps the labouring part of mankind in the station they were designed for. Without war this country would soon be too rich.

Our

Our streets might be paved with gold, and our houses tiled with silver, and we might starve for want of bread. Our labourers would fill their coffers with the shining ore; and the industry of the poor would be lost to the community: our fertile fields would become barren, and the prolific earth would cease to yield her increase.

By the expences of war our country is unburthened of its weight of useless treasure. The dignity of the great is exalted, and the poor are kept humble.

In their humility they labour, and bring forth the riches of the fruits of the earth. They eat the sweet morsel, the earning of their labour; and their coarsest meal is a delicious repast to their craving appetites, and the rich are fed with marrow and fatness; their tables abound with luxuries suitable to their exalted station.

Were we to live in peace, our men would degenerate to effeminacy—we should cease to be renowned as a warlike nation, and we should no longer boast of our heroes.

War is not only advantageous, but it is glorious. What can advance the glory of a nation like war. War always brings glory. If we conquer, we wear the laurels of victory—Victory resounds through the nations, and is echoed back from the vaulted heavens.

If

If success should fail to crown our arms, our slain are immortalized in the annals of our country, and the heroic virtues of the living, proved by their perseverance, will be recorded from generation to generation.

The war, in which we are now engaged, is the most glorious war this country ever entered into. Our courage, our fortitude, our perseverance is put to the proof; and surely, no country in the world ever equalled us for our valour and our zeal.

Death and destruction cannot terrify us, nor make us flinch from our purpose. Inspired with a religious zeal for the unlimited god-like power of Kings, our little pious island have waged war against a large extensive and populous country of atheistical blasphemers of terrestrial deities. Britain has bled, and exhausted her treasure, in the righteous cause. Our desperadoes have fought with their little host against the thunder of the fury of a mighty army of desperate infidels, enveloped in dark clouds of the smoke of their rage, which blackened the heavens. They have exhausted their strength, and poured out their blood; they have seen the plains covered with the mangled bodies and the severed limbs of their brethren: their ears have been pierced with the shrieks of the agonizing torments of many thousands of their countrymen



countrymen and relatives: they have seen a country deluged with their blood: their blood have been poured out by force of the sword: their wives are bereaved of their children, and are widows. Our men are put to death, and our young men are slain by the sword in battle. The shrieks of misery have ascended to the highest heavens, and have astonished the inhabitants of the wide world. Yet are we not dismayed. Our valiant and intrepid rulers, animated with a pious zeal for their own greatness, are still determined to pursue this holy and god-like conflict, till every Briton, except King and Ministers, shall share in the glory; and the name of every inhabitant of our land shall be enrolled in the annals of the world, for as much that he has displayed his heroic virtue, and gloriously perished in battle. Till the idolatry of our nation is abolished by the annihilation of every deified image upon the glittering metal which we are so fond of paying homage to.

Here is glory well worthy of the price with which it is, and is to be purchased—glory, which will be transmitted down to the posterity of Kings and Ministers, and neighbouring nations, till expiring nature shall vociferate her last groan.

This is the glorious business which we are called upon to encourage, by assembling ourselves together—to pray to the Almighty to assist us in; and

to

to support with the remainder of our blood and treasures. This is the business in which the devotion of your hearts are to be employed. Let not your thoughts wander from the subject; but that you may pray sincerely and fervently, make it the desire of your souls that we may conquer—may extirpate a nation who could impiously presume to annihilate a right which is divine, and cast Majesty from the Throne of Power—or that we may all finally perish.

My brethren, it is time to pray, and pray fervently too. We have tried every other expedient in vain. Our gold will not purchase their destruction—our arms will not destroy them; neither can our valiant men vanquish them. Nor have I confidence in the efficacy of our prayers. However, let us not despair. Exert all your powers in the pious cause—pour out your blood, and resign your all in support of the Mighty Monarchs who govern the world. And, if possible, utterly destroy a people who have killed the Lord's Anointed, and have impiously established a Government independant of Kingly power—they have defied the power of the mighty—they have thrown contempt upon Princes—they have levelled Thrones with the ground, and trampled Crowns under their feet—they have exulted in the destruction their impious hands have committed.—

Atheists

**Athiests triumph—Infidels rejoice. Kill and de-  
stroy. Spare not, as long as a man exists in a  
nation which have been polluted with Royal blood;  
and be assured, whether you vanquish or die, you  
shall be crowned with glory.**



## HYMN TO THE KING,

For the FAST-DAY.

*Long Measure.*

I.

**T**HY goodness, George, our mighty King,  
 With pious voice we join to sing;  
 We will exalt thy glories high,  
 And shout thy praises to the sky.

II.

From thee our blessings we derive,  
 In thee we move and breath and live;  
 Our shoes are tax'd so very low,  
 That we can move or walk or go,

III.

The air was never tax'd by thee,  
 But every breath of air is free;  
 Our lives we hold on lease at will,  
 And yet we live to praise thee still.

Though

## IV.

Though thousands to support thy power,  
Have perish'd walt'ring in their gore,  
And thousands of our brethren stand,  
Ready to die at thy command.

## V.

We are not dead but live to do,  
The duties thou command'st us to;  
Thy humble faithful slaves to be,  
To spend our wealth and blood for thee.



## III.

The air was never tair'd by thee;  
But every breath of air is free;  
Our lives we hold on lease at will,  
And yet we live to praise thee still.

Though